

The Caledonian.

By A. G. Chadwick.

St. Johnsbury, Vt. November 4, 1844.

Vol. 8. No. 15. Whole No. 379.

TERMS OF THE CALEDONIAN.

Published weekly at \$2.00 per annum, or \$1.50 for six months.
No paper discontinued until arrearages are paid except on the option of the publisher.
Advertisements inserted at the customary prices. Prompt advertisements to be paid for in advance.

THE CALEDONIAN.

OUR HOMES, LABOR, &c.

Extract from the Address delivered before the Orleans County Agricultural Society, at the "Fair" held at Coventry Falls, October 2d.—By S. B. Colby, Esq. The sentiments of this extract are just and worthy of consideration.

Farmers of Orleans—You have only to be true to yourselves—to respect your profession—to adhere to it with that devotion, ardor and enthusiasm, which it deserves, weighing well the peculiar means of prosperity and of happiness at your command. We need to cultivate and cherish attachment to these our own "pleasant places," and not suffer our purposes to be shaken by the vain rumors of self-producing fields in the "West" or of spontaneous riches on the Mississippi, the Sabine or Ohio: Here none deny that labor is profitable, honorable, and noble. There is wealth in these meadows—these wild rivers will one day be tamed to do the drudgery of busy industry.—These Rock Bound Hills are charged with countless stores of value untold: The vigilant eye of Capital, and commerce, has already penetrated to our mountain recesses, and the ports of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence are even now devising ways to remove your productive farms to the immediate neighborhood of Boston and Montreal. Why then should our citizens yield to despondency or disgust at the lot to which they are fated? Why refuse to improve and adorn their fields, and embellish their homes? Go where you will, and you find no more patriotic, generous, intelligent, or moral people than are they who abide.

"This rough land of rock, and hill and tree
Where brutes are castled Lord, no cabin'd Slave
Where lands and thoughts and tongues are free
And friends may find a welcome, foes a grave."
It is the prompting of wisdom to go forward with courage. It is the duty of all to lend their aid and advice to every means and measure that tend to use the land, encourage the heart, and enrich the soil of the husbandman. Science has wrought wonders on the Ocean and in the workshop; Science who were sent on her kindly mission to the field—to soothe the heart, lessen the burden and lighten the cares of the workmen, till prosperous and ingenious labor shall learn to "look proudly up at the midst of its toil and be glad;" glad with high hopes and pure thoughts—glad, with luxuriant fields and overflowing corn—reaping the rich rewards of well directed, well regulated industry, and feeling within Scottish Farmer Hard

"To make a happy fireside elime
For weans and wife
Is both the Pathos and Sublime
Of Human Life."

THE MANAGEMENT OF MY DAIRY.

With regard to feeding my cows:—In the fall of the year when it comes cold, frosty nights, I tie up my cows in the barn, and their feed through the winter is principally hay. If I am short for hay, I feed once a day with straw. About a week before calving I give them three or four quarts of meal wet with water which I continue until they go to grass.—Next with regard to making Butter:—After milking, the milk is strained into tin pans, and set in a cool cellar on shelves about three feet from the ground, where it stands until the cream be all risen, it is then allowed off, and churned by hand in a common churn. From thence it is taken and washed in cool water until the butter-milk is entirely extracted from the butter. It is then salted with common bag salt, with the addition of about one table spoon full of pulverized loaf sugar to 15 lbs. of butter. It is then packed in small firkins well soaked in brine, of about 10 lbs. each. It is then covered with a cloth and about half an inch of fine salt sprinkled with cold water. In a day or two, when the butter becomes hard it is covered with brine, and kept in a cool cellar.

ROBERT GILKERSON.

Barnet, Oct. 2, 1844.

The following illustrates the motives, and points out the reasons why the rich monied men who look solely to their own interest and have no feelings for the toiling millions, cry down the tariff.

Family Scene.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. Parents and children.
Emily.—Father, are you a Loco Foco?
Father.—I belong to the party called by the Whigs Loco Focos, but we call ourselves Democrats, as it is a more popular name.

Charles.—Father, what is the difference between a Whig and a Loco Foco, or Democrat.

Father.—I fear you are too young to understand all the points of difference, but the one which principally concerns us is: That the Whigs are advocates of high prices; whilst the Democratic measures tend to reduce the price of articles of consumption, and the wages of laborers.

Charles.—Would you have to pay John, the gardener, any less if your man for President is elected?
Father.—Yes; I have no doubt I could get many men just as good as John, for \$5 per month, whereas I now give him \$8.

Emily.—But how would it be if that dreadful man Clay, who is in favor of that horrible Tariff you were telling us about last night, was elected?

Father.—Why I really fear I should have to give him \$10 or \$12 a month, or he would get higher wages elsewhere.

Charles.—What is the reason people would get higher wages under Clay, than under Polk?

Father.—Because under Mr Clay all the working people would be in demand; but Mr Polk is in favor of free trade, and every thing we use would come from Europe, where laborers only get a sixpence a day.

Mary.—Oh! I wish Mr Polk may be elected: for then mother can get her Saxony carpet so cheap!

Mother.—Yes, my dear, this foolish Tariff has raised the price of wool from 25 cents, up to half a dollar a pound.

Emily.—But mother you bought a very good Ingrain carpet the other day, for less than you ever paid for one before.

Mother.—Ingrain! Bless me, child, that was American, and you know I dislike anything American.

Charles.—Would we get what we eat for less with Mr Polk than with Mr Clay for President!

Father.—No doubt we would, and for the reason that the manufacturers would not require so much.

Emily.—But would that not be bad for Uncle William, who is a farmer?

Father.—Your uncle would not get so much for his grain; but farmers, you know, live within themselves, and it is unreasonable for them to expect to make money. With me it is different. I have a certain income from other sources, whether grain is high or low. If I can buy every thing cheap, I can live much better than under the system promised us by the Whigs.

Charles.—But would laborers get enough to live upon?

Father.—That is not my business; Mr Buchanan (who ought to know,) thinks ten cents a day enough for them, and I think so too.

SPEECH OF CASSIUS M. CLAY

At Boston, September 19. (Extracts.)

Thus far, the pro-slavery power, by the concentrated interest of having \$1200,000,000 of so called property represented, has triumphed over the power of labor. Our offices of honor and profit have been monopolized almost by slave holders, our foreign policy has been subsidiary to the fostering of slave labor at the expense of free labor. The system of internal improvements, as carried on by the General Government—the land bill—a national currency, and above all, the Tariff, have all been prostrated at the feet of the slave power. An now, when the people of the North seem to be opening their eyes to the real sacrifices which they have made in the desecrated name of democracy, to the rule of slavery, by the ruinous results of the reduction of the Tariff from 1832 to '42 John C. Calhoun and his Southern clique, seek once more an accession of slave territory to strengthen their power and assist them in overruling the Tariff of Protection, and to reduce us once more to free trade and perpetual slavery. They are determined to rule or ruin—to wield the whole power of the Union, or else dissolve the Union, and establish a slave despotism in the South. Hence the democratic party in 1844, although they went up to Baltimore instructed to vote for Mr Van Buren, threw him overboard—so they rejected Cass, and Buchanan, and Stewart, and took the unheard of name of James K. Polk, of Tennessee, Mr Calhoun's and Andrew Jackson's most useful tool, imposed upon them by the same nullification power which had prostrated all the interest of free labor at the feet of the free trade and perpetual slavery party of the South. And Mr Polk was suited to their purposes, not only because he was for Texas and free trade—but because he was, from his position in a slave State, necessarily identified with the great scheme of ultimate disunion. Do I state untruth? What say the Convention? They are for immediate annexation! What says R. M. Johnson? We want Texas to form new slave States, to balance the coming in of the free States of Wisconsin and Iowa. What say Mr Holmes and Rhett? They will have Texas with the Union or if necessary without the Union. What says the ex-nullification Gov. James Hamilton? He will resort to arms for Texas and dissolution! And last not least, what says T. H. Benton, the leader of the democratic party for the last quarter of a century, up to May 1844—a man of more sense than all the nullification party consolidated into one! He tells us in his Boonville speech, that "dissolution of the Union" is the end proposed by these Texas annexationists. Jackson tells us, Texas is the question; the Richmond Enquirer, the leader of the Southern democratic wing, says that "free trade and Texas are the questions." If then these be the issues, and I am compelled to choose between Polk and free trade and Texas, on the one hand, and Henry Clay, home labor, and the Union on the other—then by all that is sacred among men, I go for Clay and the Whig party, and against Polk and the Democratic party. Free trade with other nations is impossible—they do not and will not allow it—and they ought not if they would. I lay down the broad ground, that has been practised on for centuries by intelligent nations, repeated once more by Thos. Jefferson, and engrafted into our system, by the first law ever made by our government, the end of which was to perfect its execution—that "the farmer and mechanic should be set down alongside of each other."

If I raise a bushel of wheat, and carry it to England and there exchange it for a hat, I have to pay the entire cost of transportation, or if it is divided between me and the hatter equally, I lose half the cost of carriage. If I sell my bushel of wheat to the hatter living along side of me, I lose nothing in carriage, neither I nor the hatter. Again, if I carry my bushel of wheat to England, or send it, and sell it, I get 110 cents a bushel, but it costs me 60 cts. to get it there, leaving me but fifty cents at last for my wheat; but if I can by volition, or by legislation, move the hatter from England, and place him by me, he gives me 110 for my wheat, and I more than double the pro-

duct of my farm. Then let not the tariff system be sacrificed to the dictation of the slave power—but let here in our own republic many centuries intervene, before we shall be subject to the stern laws which press upon the laboring poor of Europe. And cursed be the statesman forever, who would degrade the laborers of this happy country to the level of foreign labor, and precipitate them into premature and unnecessary decay, and untimely and utter ruin.

In order to accomplish the overthrow of the free labor of the country, North and South, then Texas must be taken into the confederacy. It was for this, that the naked project is now presented to this people—whether they will now, in the nineteenth century, in the face of Christendom, without outward pressure, such as in times past was urged, that England forced slaves upon us, without salvo to an awakening conscience, so often potentially applied—"What are we to do with the slaves when free?" In direct violation of the constitution, through breach of treaty, and by war—cruel, unprovoked, unhallowed war, vote to extend slavery over 300,000 square miles of territory now declared by Mexico to be free and equal in all its population, in order to perpetuate the bonds of 3,000,000 slaves and 17,000,000 whites! For one, if I stand alone, I am against it now—I am against it forever! Let us examine, for a moment, some of the miserable pretences for this acquisition, which are thrown out to deceive the honest portion of the democracy, and delude them to their own ruin—for what kind of democracy is that which enables, contrary to the principles upon which were based the American Revolution, allows the most infamous man, who by the slave trade or piracy acquires possession of 100 slaves—his fellow men—in Texas, to stand, by admission into the Union, against you, sir, (Abbot Lawrence) and any other 60 of the wealthiest and most intelligent freemen, whether Whig, Democrat, or Abolitionists in the North? We want Texas, they tell us, to prevent smuggling into the United States! That is, the men who have sworn to dissolve the Union, or break down the domestic industry of the country, want Texas for fear England will do the same thing, which they are rushing to war, even, to accomplish! Into such absurdities do men fall, when they leave the straight road of justice and truth!—Here lies England along our whole Northern coast.—We are accessible through the whole off-shore Eastern and Southern border, and yet we are to be told that Great Britain will sail around the dangerous seas about Florida, & into the shallow lagoons of all southern Texas, and pass through the swamps of the Mississippi, lying between these and the Sabine, to smuggle goods into America! The same reasons which forbid its being used as a place of smuggling, apply with greater force against the idea of Andrew Jackson, that Texas would, in the hands of England become a point of attack. If it were not from the source whence this argument came, it would deserve to be passed in contemptuous silence. What, when we are unable to guard the line from the mouth of the Sabine to the southern border of Arkansas—a few hundred miles—extend the line from the mouth of the Rio Grande, 1800 miles, including Santa Fe to its source, embracing 100,000 square miles more than the kingdom of France—and then we can defend it! But if men are thus to weigh down common sense, I put Napoleon against Jackson, and he tells us that a desert is the best barrier against foreign incursions; and should England be fool enough to land in the shallow bays of Texas, unfit for the first war steamers, and hazard her army through the unproductive swamps between the Sabine and the great river, we would have time enough to rally a half million of freemen, from the Lakes to the Gulf, to give her ball and steel as soon as she showed herself from the canals of the Mississippi. The idea that England seeks to surround us is equally absurd. If she did, she would weaken her force, and enable us more easily to break through her serried ranks, wherever drawn up in battle array. But England seeks not to possess Texas; she has again and again in the most formal manner, disclaimed any improper interference, of any character whatever, and if she should attempt it then let us by arms, if necessary, stand for Texian independence. I would always treat an opponent with respect, but I must confess that I lose my patience when I see such men as Mr Bancroft urging the annexation of Texas, under this damnable pretence that it would ultimately lead off slavery from our soil! Manufacturers, do you lower the price of your goods by acquiring additional markets? Farmers, do you diminish the price of your produce by having two manufacturing towns to sell to, instead of one? Then tell me no more that you will destroy slavery in the States by finding in Texas new markets for slaves, and thus enhancing the profits of slave breeding in all the grain growing slave states in the Union. What presumption is it, for men here to set up such opinion against the combined experience of all who live in the Slave States, both those who are in favor of emancipation and those who advocate eternal slavery, agreeing in this only, that the admission of Texas will tend to make slavery secure in the United States for centuries to come! I ask every democrat here to night to tell, if there be under Heaven, any reason why this project then urged upon us, in all this hot haste, but for the avowed, the single, the damnable purpose of extending slavery over the unborn fifty millions of Texas, and perpetuating the slave rule over us and our posterity? Once more, I repeat, I am against it, now, and forever. The Romans made their prisoners of war pass under a yoke to remind them of their servitude—here is a yoke labelled war and perpetual slavery; shall the future historian write it, that descendants of the patriots of '76, went forward to the polls in 1844, and voluntarily submitted their necks to bondage, gladly prostrating themselves before the heel of the tyrant?

But if you take Texas, you must pay her debts, \$25,000,000 says Mr Benton—who also tells us what we all believe to be true, that not a single foot of unappropriated land remains in Texas proper, to come into our possession and liquidate the debt we pay for her. How dare the men who will not give us our own land money, to pay our debts and relieve our own States from repudiation and dishonor, to thrust their infernal fingers into the pockets of the freemen of America, to pay 25,000,000 of money for a foreign nation, incurred in propagating slavery among men? We trample upon the most solemn treaty between Mexico and the United States, and rush over the Constitution, to war in this fiendish propagandism; and in such a war, according to the laws of nations, it is not only the right but the bounden duty of all Christendom to come in to the help of Mexico, and reduce us to a sense of common justice. And in such a war, when the banner of 1776, "right against might," once borne by them is now borne by us—when I shall be called upon to rally to the standard of my country, inscribed with "eternal slavery," I am bold in the avowal that though I profess to be as brave as most men, I have no heart for such a contest—I am a coward in such a cause! On our own soil, in defence of our own rights, I defy the world in arms—but in such a cause as this, if the Bible be true, we cannot succeed; if history be not a fable, we cannot hold permanent conquest; "they who live by the sword shall perish by the sword," and at all times dominion based upon unjust conquest, has fallen to ruin and ultimate retributive desolation! This Republic must stand upon justice, a high moral sentiment, or else it cannot stand at all; there must be either a regard for right, or a resort to the sword; either a pure ballot-box or the pestiferous cartridge-box! The day that the nation deliberately violates right, the Constitution of our country crumbles into dust and is gone for ever, and upon its ruins rises force and utter despotism.

When you vote for Polk, then, you vote for Texas; for Mr Webster has very well today remarked, that it is "Polk and Texas, or neither Polk nor Texas." If, then, you elect Polk, you vote for a tax of \$25,000,000—you vote a war, you vote the violation of treaties, you vote a double violation of the Constitution, by annexing foreign States, and also slave States, to the Union. And if the President and 52 Senators may to night annex Texas to us, they may tomorrow unite us once more to the British Crown, or to the Russian despotism. If they may enslave the blacks today, they may enslave me and you the day after; and there is no power under Heaven which can give us liberty, if this Constitution does not. Men of Boston, what say you? Will you give up the Constitution, or will you stand by it forever? What shall we do, then, to avoid these accumulated evils, that threaten us on all sides? Who can save us from this gulf of ruin? Can Mr Garrison do it? He will not, if he has the power! Can Mr Birney do it? He cannot, if he would. Mr Polk will be sure not to save us, but to sacrifice us. What other men, then, in all this wide land, except Mr Clay, can, from his talents, his patriotism, and his fortunate position, stay the wild waves of anarchy, violence and dishonor? No other—none. Then must I vote for Clay. He has told us, in three several letters, that he is against Texas. So long as it costs more than a fair rate, he is against it. It was thought, by the Jackson Cabinet, to be worth 4,000,000 of money only. Now, when there is not a foot of land to be sold to refund the money, we have no reason to believe that Mr Clay would be willing to give \$25,000,000. So long as it costs us dishonor, by breach of treaty, Mr Clay is against it. So long, then, as Mexico shall choose the treaty to remain, so long is Mr Clay against Annexation. So long as it costs us a war, Mr Clay is opposed to Texas. War now exists; and Santa Anna, her President, tells Gen. Hamilton, that, as long as a drop of Mexican blood flows in the veins of her patriots, they will resist the desecration of their soil, and the dismemberment of the Empire. And although bribes have been offered, and ministers have been sent, to negotiate, and every thing tried, it is all in vain to move the Mexicans to acknowledge the independence of Texas. And they know full well that the loss of Texas is the downfall of Mexico. Already has Mr C. J. Ingersoll said this whole Continent is, or should be, ours; & so soon as Texas falls, then falls California, then Mexico Proper—and so on, till our own Government, as well as theirs, shall be forever wrecked. So long, then, as Mexicans shall love their homes, the graves of their sires, the illustrious dead, who achieved her independence—so long will she resist Texian independence, and so long is Mr Clay bound to oppose Annexation. So long as Texas cannot come in by the common consent of the Union, so long is Mr Clay pledged against it. He will not look to the Democratic, the Whig, or Liberty Party in the States, but the States themselves. He regards them as forming in the Union individuals, parties to a common compact. No new partner can come in, without vitating the whole agreement; and if this view be his, as we are warranted in saying—then, so long as a single State opposes it, Texas cannot be ours. Five States have almost unanimously, in their State capacity, protested against the unholy project. So long, then, as they—as one of the smallest States is against it—she cannot, by Mr Clay's consent, come in. So long, then, as you are true to the great principles of 1776—so long as you remain worthy descendants of the Pilgrim sires—so long as the vestal flame of Liberty shall burn in your bosoms, eternal & extinguishable—so long is Mr Clay, three severally times, in the most solemn manner, before the nation, and all mankind, irrevocably bound to oppose the Annexation of Texas to the United States. Oh, then, my countrymen! be persuaded to trample under foot Prejudice and party rule, and quietly and conscientiously review the whole ground;—then look to your country and to God, and do your duty, now, in November, 1844, before it is ever too late!

Be not deluded by the enemies of all liberty, who under the honied name of democracy, would reduce you to perpetual servitude. Do not suppose that you are doing any thing for the cause of human freedom by opposing Mr Clay. Of all men now present, I have the greatest cause to take care that I am not deceived in this matter. I can go—I say it before God and man—with a good conscience for him, because I believe it will save my country from ruin, if we shall secure his election. The blood of all those who, in all ages, have gone up to the scaffold and the cannon's mouth, in defence of the true and the right, calls on us tonight. Remember the mighty agony, the voiceless woe, of the generous and brave hearts who have perished in the cause of human liberty. Oh, be faithful to this last hope of freedom among men—let our battle cry be liberty and union—God and the right. If we triumph, mankind will rejoice in our success; if we fall, then all that is worthy to stand, the noblest aspirations of the soul, the desire of glory and immortality, shall fall with us, and be known no more forever.

CARRIAGE FOR TOM THUMB. The foreign correspondent of the Boston Atlas gives the annexed description of a costly carriage constructed at Birmingham, Eng., for that infinitesimal dot of creation, the tiny Tommy Thumb. The little creature was about to visit that great city of manufactures, where the equipage was to meet him. The letter writer states, that in point of size and magnificence the elegant coach is unequalled in the realms of her most gracious Majesty:

The body of this chariot is only twenty-eight inches in height, and eleven inches in width. The top of the carriage is but three feet and a half from the ground. It is hued with beautiful silk tabret, and drab and crimson silk lace. There are plate glass windows, besides, neat outer blinds and inner silk curtains, with tassels, moved at pleasure by patent spring rollers. The cushions and sides are stuffed in the most luxurious manner, and the little General can truly take his ease, with no one to disturb him; for certainly nothing but a tiny pet spaniel could possibly ride inside with the General, and this pet dog is, I believe, to have the exclusive privilege. The handle of the door is solid silver, elaborately chased. There are folding steps, covered neatly with carpet, and two lamps of exquisite workmanship. The driver's box is wide in the old English style, and is covered with rich crimson hammer cloth, magnificently embroidered with various colored silks, and trimmed with heavy silver lace. The body of the chariot is of a deep blue color. The General's coat-of-arms upon the hammer cloth is of solid silver—the coat of arms also appears on the body of the chariot. It is Liberty and Britannia, supported on either side by the American and British lion, surmounted by the rising sun and American and British flags crossed—on a scroll under the whole is inscribed the truly American motto, "Go ahead!" The whole appearance of the superb chariot is certainly magnificent, and does the artist great credit. The harness is in the same rich style, being thickly covered with solid silver ornaments. The ponies, which are to draw the chariot, were obtained with great trouble and expense.—They are only twenty eight inches in height, and were trained by Mr Batty, of Astley's Royal Amphitheatre. I saw them at the Indian encampment, at Lord's Cricket Grounds on Friday last, harnessed to the chariot, and driven by the General's own coachman and they were a great curiosity of themselves, and attracted much attention. They are not much larger than a Newfoundland dog, yet they are very strong, full-blooded, and of fine proportions. The Count of Oberon has furnished the coachman and footman, for they are very diminutive in size. They are smart lads, dressed in a superb livery of blue cloth, decorated with silver lace, having bog wigs, cocked hats, white top boots, etc., in the neatest and richest style. Altogether, the whole affair is the most splendid show, of itself, that has ever been got up in the metropolis. The total cost of the chariot, harnesses, and ponies, is not less than two thousand dollars.

DR. CRUSTY GROWS MORE FACETIOUS.—Have you ever remarked, Dr. Crusty," quoth Mrs. Stimp yesterday, "that my children have different ways from most people's?"

"Frequently," retorted the doctor.

"Entirely different?" continued Mrs. Stimp.

"Entirely," echoed the doctor.

"Well, how do you account for it, Dr.?" asked Mrs. Stimp, inquiringly.

"Because," rejoined the doctor, you have humored them so much that they have ways of their own. I noticed it particularly when little Benny threw that apple core at you, right in your face, and told you he'd do it again if he wanted to."

Mrs Stimp has not alluded to her children since.

Pienyune.

MILLERISM CONFIRMED IN PART. Not long ago one of the prophets of Millerism announced in this village that, on the 22d Oct., the end of the world would come, when the prison doors shall be opened and the prisoners set free. Yesterday morning the latter part of the prophecy was confirmed here, sure enough: during the night a double-window of the county jail was opened and six prisoners escaped.

Montpelier Watchman.

SECOND ADVENT EXCITEMENT. We learn that in Waterbury the believers in Millerism had become so far neglectful of their business and property, that the select men assembled on Thursday, for the purpose of putting them under guardianship, according to the statute. This proceeding has proved salutary in this case, and will doubtless be pursued elsewhere.

Montpelier Watchman.

SAVAGE A married man whose ribs proves to be "the better half," in the wrong sense of the term, said to his friends, "I loved my wife at first, as much as any body ever did love a wife. For the first two months, I actually wanted to eat her up; and ever since then I've been sorry I didn't."